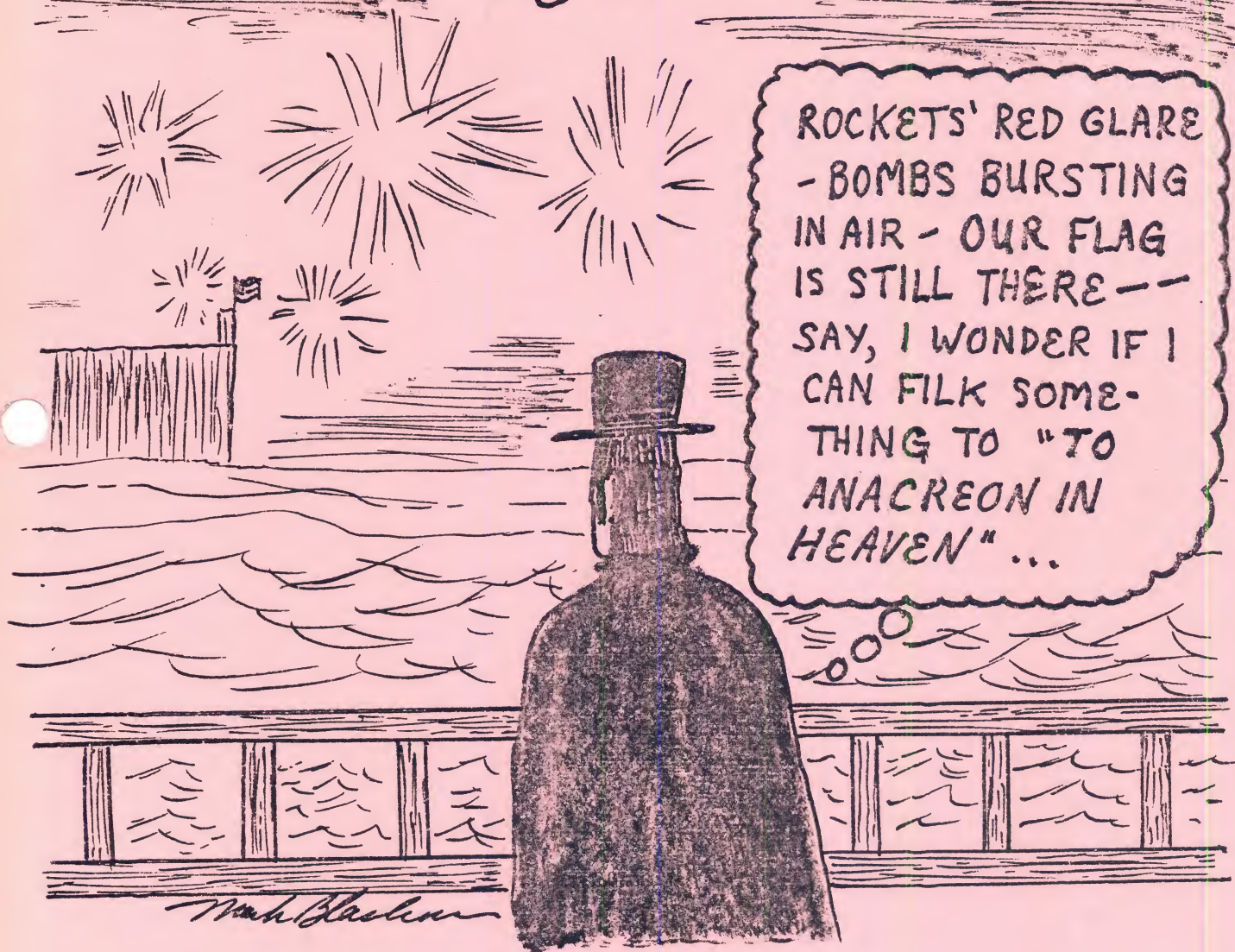


ATA-T #2X

august 1983



ROCKETS' RED GLARE
- BOMBS BURSTING
IN AIR - OUR FLAG
IS STILL THERE --
SAY, I WONDER IF I
CAN FILK SOME-
THING TO "TO
ANACREON IN
HEAVEN" ...

SPECIAL WORLDCON ISSUE!

SINGSPLE

19th Stanza
for APA-
Filk #19

Mark L. Blackman, 1745 East
18th St. #4A, Brooklyn, NY 11229
/ 212-336-3255 / July 22, 1983

The subjects are filk as parody and use by parodies of copyrighted music. (See particularly the first column.)

Arts & Entertainment

New album serves double purpose

A musical lesson from the Muppets

By BRUCE CHADWICK

THE SESAME Street gang—Bert, Ernie, Big Bird, Cookie Monster, et al.—has given us everything from trips to China to T-shirts. Now, with the music turned up loud and apologies to Bruce Springsteen, they have unleashed rock 'n' roll music, in the form of "Born to Add," on the world.

"Born to Add," conceived and produced by Christopher Cerf, is a parody of rock songs from the '50s to the '80s and designed to teach children math, English and health while entertaining them.

Although the music sounds very much like famous rock songs ("Letter B" resembles the Beatles' "Let It Be," as does "Hey Food" and "Hey Jude"), the producers claim they are different enough to avoid copyright fights.

THE WHOLE idea of the album, designed itself to look just like Springsteen's "Born to Run," is to teach kids through music.

"We tried to make an album that entertains and educates kids and also interests their parents," said Cerf, who has worked with the Muppets for many years and has written books and helped design several popular computer games. "It's important for kids and parents to listen to an album or watch a television show together."

While parents will smile at the album's parodies, Cerf hopes the kids don't get them at all.

"If the kids think the parody is the fun, the song's a failure. The children have to enjoy the song for itself, not



Christopher Cerf, creator of the "Born to Add" concept and, at right, Muppet characters on the album cover

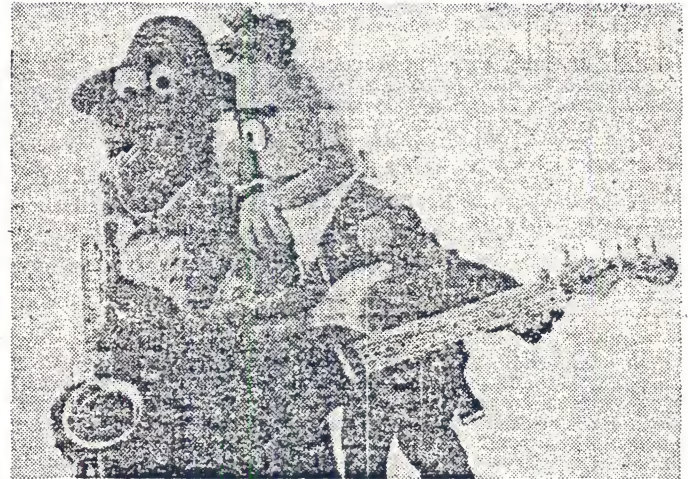
for the parody," he said. "I think they will."

ALL OF the songs on the album have been performed from time to time on either "The Muppet Show" or "Sesame Street." One was written in 1972, but most were written in the last two years.

Cerf, winner of two Grammy Awards for children's songs, and his wife, Genevieve, a professor at Columbia, have no children. But this is not a hindrance in developing songs and programs for children, he says. Not at all.

"I'm just a big kid at heart," laughs Cerf, who keeps a 4-foot-high blue Cookie Monster doll with bulging eyes in the corner of his office and a collection of wonderfully designed toy robots over his enormous pair of fish tanks. "I never grew up and I never will."

He claims parenthood helps, but



does not give one a license to entertain children.

"I think you need a vivid imagination and an appreciation for the things kids love, whether it's toy sailboats, video games, sports or cartoons," he said. "I have them."

You also need a respect for children's intelligence, and Cerf has that, too.

"KIDS TODAY are far more intelligent and sophisticated than when I was a child," he said. "They are into computers like my generation was into building blocks. They don't want to be written down to, a mistake of many children's books, records and television shows, and I understand that. The key to entertaining today's children is to respect them and enjoy them."

That's why the album, aimed at preschoolers, does not have merry-go-round music.

"Four- and 5-year-old kids listen to rock music on the radio all the time. That's what they want to hear," he said.

Now, if he can just get Miss Piggy a moog synthesizer...

One child's reaction

This reporter has a 7-year-old son, Rory, who enjoyed listening to the album and insisted his father write down many of the lyrics so he could sing them.

Later, when the father—eardrums aching—insisted the son turn off the record after the fifth or sixth play, the son turned around and said, "But, dad, you said this was educational, didn't you?"

The defeated father nodded. "Go ahead," he said. "Play it again."

—Bruce Chadwick

--NY News 6, 21/83

THE MELODY LINGERS:

Comments on APA-Filk #18

COVER #18: And then there were no more Ryerson covers. // It's been said that we in APA-Filk murder music.

ANAKREON/John Boardman: Re the SCA-types and the "mythic past" -- "mythic" is the key word, despite all their lip service to "reality," I

would think you've disproved Lee's contention that filk isn't parody. It can be does doesn't have to be. // Caviar may be prized but 90% of the sturgeon is crap. // Subway filksongs continue to be written. (Who says songs about the railroad are dead?) My showing "This Train is bound for Brooklyn" and "F Train" to people at the First Saturday filksing after the February collation prompted a rendition of "You'll Come A-Jumping the Turnstiles with Me" ("Waltzing Mathilda"); there's also "Jamaica Farewell" about the Queens neighborhood and mass transit. Marc Glasser can provide the words for these. // I think "The Happy Family" can also be sung to "Men of Harlech." // At this writing, the Sandinistas have just marked their fourth anniversary of singing "We've got Nicaragua." But Reagan is sending the fleet down there for "quarantine exercises" and there is a growing possibility of a bicoastal blockade. ("The third Sandinista says 'Imperialista! Your threats and your bluster can't harm me. We've got some protection, a Cuban connection - Just try and blockade us with your Yanqui army!'" Army?)

OROUGH RILLIEUR/Deirdre Murphy Rittenhouse: Jim, the underground economy (or sub-economy or alternative economy) is a thriving one. Billions are not being paid into taxes each year from such. And never forget, tax evasion is how they got Al Capone. // Well, Misty, Leo Durocher, manager of the Dodgers, said "Nice guys finish last." (If sexual connotations can be read into that, it's not my doing.) // The Russians had three cosmonauts who were found dead on return (Soyuz 11, 1971).

FILKERS DO IT TILL DAWN/Harold Groot: I've seen the official space given to filksings by concons (eg, Boskone). Frankly, I think it's a desire for informality and fun, rather than the crumminess of facilities, that causes fans in the East to head for stairwells and the rugs and beds of rooms. We're all ex-beatniks and -hippies, in a way.

DR ORBIT VS THE TROUBLE CLEF/Charlie Belov: You were in the car during Disclave '82 when Donna Camp made that comment on filking Chapin. Wise guy.

SHARE AND ENJOY/Marc Glasser: "Gafiate" thematically needs a next-to-last verse to account for the shift in the wind-up verse, specifically, one conveying the idea that it's really no better (and probably worse) in the mundane world. This is the latest version I've tried:

"Reality" means trouble dancing
Around a mundane golden calf
On crutches - You can handle fandom!
We'll gladly take back an ex-Gaf-iate...

I definitely like
the "golden calf"
part but I'm not
sure if the refer-
ence to the saying
"Reality is a crutch

for those who can't deal with science fiction" works. I'll probably give it another try. At least I've sworn off "Real Old-Time Religion" ... for now, at least.

7/25/83

For my birthday a few weeks ago, Bob Lipton presented me with a 13½-pound sledgehammer, explaining it was the type of gift you wouldn't ordinarily buy for yourself. Carrying it over my shoulder and walking behind him, several songs went through my mind: "If I Had a Hammer", "John Henry" and "Maxwell's Silver Hammer" - the lyrics to this one were particularly tempting.



presents

SHARE AND ENJOY, your plastic zine that's fun to be with, is cranked out at intervals roughly corresponding to APA-FILK collation deadlines by Beyond the Frinsefan, a/k/a Marc S. Glasser, who lives at One, Two, Three, Many, a/k/a 41 Eastern Parkway, #10-B, Brooklyn, New York 11238; telephone (212) NEO-LOC-8. If it's August 1983, this must be issue #6, collated into APA-FILK #19 or mailed out to other unsuspecting fen. This is a production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Programmers, both subsidiaries of Thisamajig Incorporated, and is copyright (c)1983 by Marc S. Glasser.

SHOT FROM THE CANON

I've found inspiration in the last couple of months to write another couple of verses to "Real-Time Religion" and one to "Old-Time Religion". The first was conceived while wishing I had a terminal at home and dial-up lines at work to hook into, so that I wouldn't have to waste time subwaying to work!

Now, a dial-up line can please:
 Lets you work on C.R.T.'s,
 Sitting home in B.V.D.'s;
 It's good enough for me.

Shortly thereafter, this one occurred to me:

With equipment built by Tandem,
System failure isn't random;
More reliable than fandom,
And that's good enough for me.

EXPLANATION for ~~XXXXX~~lay persons: Tandem builds computers that are highly reliable, by dint of having two of everything in the 'one box', which also contains circuitry that monitors everything every few milliseconds or so and, any time anything fails, automatically switches from the failed component to its counterpart. Whether "more reliable than fandom" is a compliment or not, is left as an exercise for the reader.]

Around the same time, it suddenly occurred to me that in spite of the great numbers of deities invented or adopted by fandom, not one had (to my knowledge) been honored by being the subject of a verse to "Old-Time Religion". So;

OLD-TIME Even fandom has its quota:
RELIGION Worships gods like Spock and Yoda,
verse Herbie, Roscoe, FooFoo, Mota,
And there's Ghu enough for me.

I haven't gone through all of Professor Boardman's back issues, so I may be wrong in my guess that this is the first fannish-shods verse, but I'd bet no one's used that final pun before ~~and I'd~~ ~~to XXY XNe XAXe~~.

I've also got a Work in Progress--or more accurately a Work in Stasis--to throw open to outside contributions. It's to the tune of Elvis Presley's "Return to Sender", and concerns the title of the latest segment of the Star Wars saga. . .

I sent a note to Mister Lu-cas,
About his Chapter VI;
When he replied to my letter,
He had the title fixed.
He wrote upon it, Return of the Jedi!
Reverse unknown!
No such movie!
No such clone! . . .

And that's about as far as I've been able to get with it. This may, of course, be one of those filks that doesn't have any place to go and should make its point and get out quickly, but if anyone can think of what else to do with it, I'm interested.

LIFE, THE UNIVERSE AND EVERYTHING: Comments on APA-FILK #18

ANAKREON (John Boardman): Funny you should mention the song about the guy who got decapitated on the IRT; I'd heard the song once or twice a while back and was looking for it, when Neil Belsky, in his record-shop ramblings, happened upon an old album by David van Ronk that included it. I taped it and transcribed it, and last month played it a a con for the first time. I'm including it on the next page as an item of general interest. (If Boston has its transit martyr in Charlie, New York deserves one, too. . .) /*/ "If there is going to be another wave of protest songs - which I personally doubt..." Are you implying that no one's writing protest songs now? What would you call what Tom Paxton and Oscar Brand, among others, never stopped doing? Or do you merely mean that they're not being sung from every rooftop?

STRUM UND DRANG (Lee Burwasser): I wasn't anywhere near as much impressed with Westerfilk II as with Westerfilk I--in fact I still haven't bought my copy yet. /*/ Possible reasons why APA-FILK material isn't showing up in Westerfilk books: (i) We aren't producing anything good enough because we aren't trying--your implication. (ii) We aren't producing anything good enough because we're not very good filkers [why does Leslie Fish not bother to send her new works to APA-FILK?] (iii) APA-FILK isn't circulating on the West Coast, or not sufficiently for our works to get spread around to the point where they get Chosen. A [continued on page 4]

GEORGIE AND THE IRT

Key of G

-by- David van Ronk

^G Along came the IRT, ^C cannonballing through, ^G

^G From ^{Em} 242nd Street to ^A Flatbush Avenue, ^D

^G At 5:15 one Friday eve, it ^C pulled into Times ^G Square;

^G The people filled the station, and ^{Em} Georgie, he was ^D there, ^G

The people filled the station; they milled and massed around,
And Georgie looked upon that train, and it was Brooklyn bound.
He vowed at once that train to board, the weekend not to roam;
For Georgie was a shipping clerk, and Brooklyn was his home.

The people filled the station, a million head or more,
George used his elbows and his knees until he reached the door;
But when he reached that portal, he could not take the step.
The conductor shut the door on him, and cut poor George in half.

The train pulled out of Times Square, the fastest on the line,
It carried poor Georgie's head away, and left his body behind.
Poor Georgie died a hero's death; his martyrdom's plain to see.
The very last words that Georgie said were "Screw the IRT!"

So when you ride the IRT and you approach Times Square,
Incline your head a few degrees and say a silent prayer;
For his body lies between the ties, amid the dust and dew.
His head, it rides the IRT to Flatbush Avenue.

Now that I've shared this song, I can ask the Musical Question that goes with it. I have a vague recollection of hearing, somewhere, a sort of West Coast equivalent of this song (to a similar tune). It told of a motorist who drove up to the turnpike, threw a quarter into the toll basket, and proceeded onto a cloverleaf ramp, only to find himself once more at a toll barrier; he threw another quarter in, drove onto the ramp, and again ended up at the same toll barrier. . . He was Never Heard From Again, but The Story Is Told that on moonlit nights, one can see a ghostly car drive up to the toll booths, a pale hand reaching out to throw a quarter into the basket, and drive onto the ramp. Does anyone know of this song, its proper title and authorship, and where I can get a recording or transcription?

If anyone is interested, I can also run a Long Island Railroad song, "Change at Jamaica Farewell", composed by a friend of mine to the tune of "Jamaica Farewell", concerning the man who failed to change at Jamaica and consequently is lost forever.

to LEE majority of the apa, after all, is East Coast-based.
BURWASSER (iv) The editors of Westerfilk are being cliquish and
continued deliberately leaving us out. [Prove to me that the Mur-
phy's Law song or "Little Earthquakes" in Westerfilk I
is a better song than "Gafiate".] Given a few days, I could prob-
ably think of more; I hold no brief for any of these conjectures.
I'm not trying to send poor stuff in to this apa, nor do I ever
try to do less than my best in composing a filk. Do you? If you
consider anyone's stuff to be of Inferior Quality, why not say
which and why? [If everyone responds that my stuff is substandard
and not worth the printing, I'm perfectly willing to discontinue
this zine and resume freeloading copies off John Boardman while
running my filk material through APA-NYU.]

OROUGH RILLIEUR (Deirdre Murphy): "...or both kinds of Solo"--nice!

FILKERS DO IT 'TIL DAWN (Harold Groot): Thanks for this analysis; it
helps to explain why Filk-Con "East" is held in places like Okla-
homa. Real Soon Now I'll set to one of those; better bring me
Powdermilk biscuits, though, since I set shy around better singers
than I (which is most of them).

SINGSPIEL (Mark L. Blackman): I'm not sure I remember the tune of the
chorus to "Happiness Is"--wasn't there a penultimate line about
"different things to different people"?

DR. ORBIT vs. THE TROUBLE CLEF (Charles A. Belov): This one shows
real effort--it even rhymes and scans! I may even set the chords
and try it at a con. "Good Chevron" uses a tune I've always
liked; thanks.

SONGS FROM THE (TECHNOCRATIC) UNDERGROUND
COMPILED BY: Darren Suprina

FLIP FLOPS

(Sung to the tune of "Flipper")

They call them Flip Flops, Flip Flops
Faster than Mag-Tape
No one can say, "It's faster than they."
And we know Flip Flops live in a world full of wires,
Constructed with pliers,
Down in the Lab !

STAYING UP

(Sung to the tune of "Breaking up is hard to do")

The Disks are going down
Do-Bee-Do Down Down
Comma Comma Down Do-Bee-Do Down Down
The DEC is going down
Do-Bee-Do Down Down
Staying up is hard to do !

Don't take away, My Disks from me
(O!) Give me back my Mem-or-y !
'Cause if you don't, Then i'll be blue,
for staying up is hard to do.

Remember when	(Remember when)
We typed all night...	(typed typed all night...)
Typed until the morning light	(The morning light...)
'Cause if you do, then you'll know true,	
That staying up is hard to do !	

They say that staying up is hard to do...
Now I know, I know that it's true
Don't say "This is The End."
Instead of going down I wish that we were coming up again !

Don't say good-bye	(Don't say good-bye...)
No ! Don't say good-bye	(Don't say good-bye...)
(O) Won't you give my code another try	(Another Try...)
'Cause if you do, then you'll know true	
That staying up ain't hard to do...	

DOCTOR ORBIT VS. CONNECTICUT TRANSIT--E (Isle of Safety to/from Westfarms Mall, West Hartford Center, Westgate Apartments, Bishops Corner, UCONN Health Center, Unionville, or Prospect Ave., all via Farmington ~~041~~ Avenue) aka Ghu knows what still more Doctor Orbit papers page is by Charles A. Belov for apa-mew 99 and apa-Filk ?

Doing the COA bit (w/apologies to Joan Ryan)

Effective instaneously, my address is

Charles A. Belov
2269 Market Street #134
San Francisco, CA 94114

Phone unknown, but I will initially be located at the Gough-Hayes Hotel Annex. I suspect you will only be able to leave a message and I will (at great expense) have to call you back. This is after Aug. 22. Till then, I am (will be as of this ^{pubbing} ~~writing~~) at the Hartford YMCA, which does have phones in the rooms (203)522-4183. This is to Aug.15th only.

Aug. 16-21 I am incommunicado, i.e. in transit. ^{ext. 1019} (Not Connecticut Transit)

ø's on apa-mew 98:

see apa-mew 99

ø's on apa-Filk, May, 1983

John: øme: Thank you for your insightful comment on City of New Orleans. While my song is set at the beginning of the cities-in-flight era, they do eventually come to the same sad end/near-end as Goodman's trains (tho Amtrak might dispute that) and we find ourselves looking back on the train era and the cities-in-flight era (figuratively speaking (or typing)) with the ironic knowledge of what eventually becomes of the flying cities. This is a new view of my own song for me, and further added to my enjoyment of it.

THEY'LL SING IN SOMEONE ELSE'S ROOM THIS
TIME #12 (I think) for APA-FILK #19
Margaret Middleton, 29 Birdie Drive
Mountain Home, AR 72653

Note CoA. As I compose this, the exact moving date is a week off yet, but we will be fairly-well settled-in by the time you read it. The CoA also applies to my hucking business, (That PO Box expired at the end of May) and the Filk Foundation.

The move came-about because my husband Morris has taken a job on-staff with a community mental health center up thataway. Mountain Home is very-nearly straight north from Little Rock, about a dozen miles shy of the Missouri state line. It is tucked in between Lakes Norfolk and Bull Shoals (both Army Corps of Engineers enterprises). Tourism is the major industry of the area, with retirement real estate a close second.

The last time I contributed to A-F, FilkCon 4.2 (in combination with ConQuest) was about to happen, I was well on my way, apparently, to becoming a full-time fan, and I'd never heard of Julia Ecklar.

How
times do change!

The hucking business suffered a severe setback right after ConQuest/FilkCon, when my car needed about \$400 of engine repairs rat-naow. It took me the rest of the summer to catch-up with payments to suppliers after that crimp in the cashflow. Even then, it was obvious that while it supported my con-going habit nicely, it did not really provide money for eating-on between cons, and would not unless I was prepared to increase substantially the rate at which I attended cons. I did not really want to get in-to being at a con every weekend, or even every-other weekend; too much strain on the home-life. For a while I had a part-time job doing drafting work on a consulting basis for my former full-time employer, but that ran out in November when he decided to hire an official Engineer to do the design work I had been doing. So in January I went back to a full-time drafting job with somebody else entirely. This of course meant that I had no vacation-days to apply to con-going, which reduced my range of operations considerably. No more two-day jaunts to Minneapolis or Detroit, especially.

I did get to ConFusion in January, but I had to fly. I was determined to be at that con in order to finish up Midwest-area taping on a project begun just about a year previously.

DORSAL-ALERT, JOHN: SKIP 2 PARAGRAPHS

I had wanted to include "Apple Comfort" from Gordy Dickson's NECROMANCER on the tape Off-Centaur Productions was planning to do of me while I was out in California as GoH at Bayfilk I. He did not want to "break up the set" by having any of the songs directly out of the Cycle books recorded apart from the others, though. So I thought: Why Not?, and presented the idea

to him and to Off-Centaur of a tape of Dorsal filk songs selected by Gordy and (mostly) sung by the singers who had written them or introduced them in filking. By Rivercon of last summer we had our want-list, and taping in the midwest was to be accomplished at Chicon, Chambacon, and ConFusion. Some wrapup taping would be done while Julia Ecklar was out at ConChord, and other taping would be done by selected westcoast filkers who live within extension-cord range of Off-Centaur.

Originally the target-date for release had been hypothesized for late April of this year, but (Murphy being Murphy) that has been backed around to ConStellation. We wound-up being able to fit only a bit over half of the original want-list of songs onto the tape, so if this goes well in the market, be alert for a second volume.

Since ConFusion I've only been to Texarkon, and my next con will be OKon/FilkCon in July, right after we move. (This has got to be some sort of record low-rate of con-attendance for me!)

UNPAID ~~POLITICAL~~ COMMERCIAL: Pat(ricia) Ross, Moon VA 23119 (sweartaghu--that is all the address!) is wanting to connect with Eastcoast filkfen under the title East Coast Filk Exchange. Objectives include a fanzine and eventually a support group for an East-of-the-Appalachians FilkCon.

I've got a years-worth of mailing-comments composed, but it will be after the move before I have time again to sit down and type at them. Expect them when you see them (maybe next mailing...)

SIGNIFICANT CULTURAL LOSS: This is an excerpt from the local newspaper coverage of the recent fire on the AirCanada plane that had to land at Cincinnati Airport;

Among those killed on the Dallas-to-Toronto flight were business magnate George Curtis Mathes Jr., 54, chairman of the Irving, Tex. television firm that bears his family

name, and Canadian folk singer Stan Rogers.

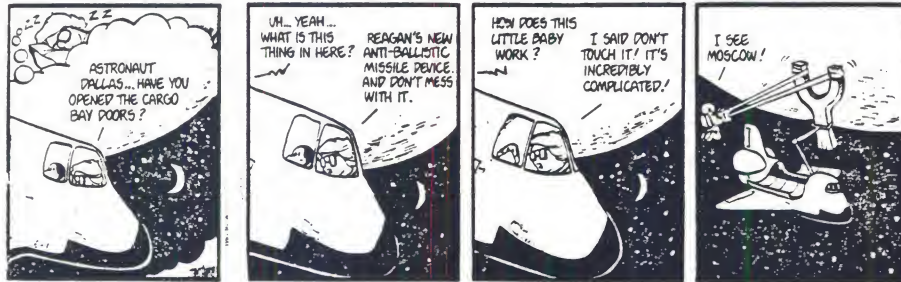
"It appears to be an accident," Donald Engen of the National Transportation Safety Board said.

Mr. Mathes of tv-production notoriety I can function without, but I have been becoming a fan of Stan Rogers' music over the last couple of years. The Detroit/Ann Arbor folk first touted him to me. I have yet to hear any of his own recordings of his material, but Marty Burke and other folk-oriented singers have been making me acquainted with the songs, at least. I guess I've heard "Witch of Westmoreland" most frequently, with "Barretts Privates" a close second. I can even sing-along on the chorus of that one. The song of Rogers' that impressed me most, though, on the first (and so-far only) hearing, is "Northwest Passage". It's been since January that I heard Marty do it at Sweeney's and fragments of the tune still run in my head.

Bloom County



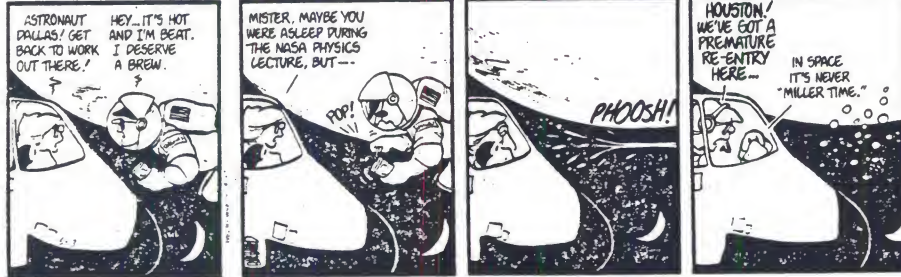
Bloom County



Bloom County



Bloom County



Bloom County



* Kinda makes ya wonder if Berke Breathed already knows about Julia Ecklar...

Filkers Do It 'Till Dawn(s)

Verse V, part III, for Apa-Filk 19



(Well, That's what it looked like)

I HAD PLANNED TO PUT THE MUSIC FOR "MERCURY - OUR FIRST STEPS" IN THIS. HOWEVER, IT HAS SINCE BEEN PRINTED IN THE OFF - CENTAUR PUBLICATION "MINUS TEN AND COUNTING". I NOW RECOMMEND THAT YOU ALL PURCHASE THE BOOK. IT IS FILLED WITH GOOD SONGS ABOUT THE SPACE AGE/SPACE PROGRAM, AND THERE ARE MANY NEW SONGS HERE. IN RESPONSE TO LEE'S COMMENT THAT THE APA WAS NOT REPRESENTED IN THE WESTERFILK COLLECTIONS, I WILL POINT OUT THAT THIS WAS PRACTICALLY THE ONLY SONG WHERE I'VE WRITTEN BOTH THE WORDS AND MUSIC. THERE ARE COPYRIGHT PROBLEMS WITH ALMOST ALL OF THE REST OF MY SONGS. FOR EXAMPLE, I THINK THAT MY SONG "IN OUR FATHERS' FOOTSTEPS" IS A VERY GOOD SONG. THE PROBLEM IS, I DIDN'T WRITE THE MUSIC. IF I AM INTERESTED IN APPEARING IN OFF - CENTAUR'S WORKS, I WILL HAVE TO WRITE MORE MUSIC. IT'S NOT ENOUGH THAT IT BE GOOD, IT MUST BE FREE OF HEADACHES. THEY ARE BIG ENOUGH TO BE SUED, AND EVEN IF YOU GET PERMISSION YOU USUALLY HAVE TO PAY STANDARD RATES FOR USING SONGS WITH COPYRIGHTS. IT'S USUALLY JUST NOT WORTH THE HASSLE TO THEM. I CAN'T TURN OUT THE VOLUME THAT LESLIE FISH OR JULIE ECKLAR CAN, BUT I CAN TURN OUT A FEW GOOD SONGS IF I WORK AT IT. THE PROBLEM IS THAT IT IS MUCH MORE WORK. I CAN WRITE SEVERAL GOOD FILKING SONGS (LYRICS ONLY, EXISTING TUNES) IN THE TIME IT TAKES ME TO WRITE A GOOD ORIGINAL SONG (WORDS AND MUSIC). WHILE I AM BEGINNING TO LEAN A BIT MORE TOWARDS THE LATTER, I STILL HAVE MOST OF MY EMPHASIS DIRECTED TO THE FORMER. ESPECIALLY WHEN THE TIME I HAVE AVAILABLE IS LIMITED AND MOST OF THE EGO-BOO I GET IS FROM PERFORMING.

THIS NEXT SONG HAS TO BE ONE OF THE FIRST "RETURN OF THE JEDI" FILKS WRITTEN. A GROUP OF FANATICS (INCLUDING MYSELF) OUT HERE WENT EN MASSE TO THE FIRST SHOW ON THE FIRST DAY. I PREMIERED THIS SONG ABOUT A WEEK LATER. AS FOR THE MOVIE, IT WENT ABOUT AS EXPECTED - LOTS OF SPECIAL EFFECTS, NOTHING MUCH NEW IN THE PLOT BECAUSE THEY WERE BUSY USING CLICHES TO TIE TOGETHER THE LOOSE THREADS IN THE PLOT. GOOD CLEAN MINDLESS FUN, AS ADVERTISED.

VADER

by Harold Groot

TUNE: VINCENT

 C Dm
STARRY STARRY NIGHT, THE EMPORER AND LUKE AND YOU
 F
OF THE BATTLE HAVE A VIEW
 G7 C
AND LUKE CAN FEEL THEIR ANGUISH AS THEY DIE
 C Dm
HATE AND ANGER FLARE - A SECOND BATTLE STARTING THERE
 F
THE DARKER SIDE A DEADLY SNARE
 G7 C F C
TO MAKE A MAN A PRISONER OF HIS SOUL.

 Dm G7 C
NOW LUKE UNDERSTANDS, HOW THE DARK SIDE GOT TO YOU
Am Dm7
SOMETHING THAT YOU THOUGHT YOU HAD TO DO
G7 Am
AS THE DARK WITHIN YOU GREW
 D7
YOU BECAME VADER AS ANAKIN CRIED
Dm7 G7 C
THE MASTER THOUGHT HE DIED.

STARRY STARRY NIGHT, LUKE GIVES IN TO HATE AND RAGE
TRIES TO END YOUR MASTER'S AGE
THE DARK SIDE OF THE FORCE IS GROWING STRONG
THEN HE CHECKS HIS HATE. FOR HIM AT LEAST IT'S NOT TOO LATE
HE VOWS HE WILL NOT MEET YOUR FATE
FOR IF HE DIES AT LEAST HIS SOUL IS FREE.

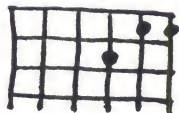
NOW LUKE SENDS A CALL TO THE GOOD THAT'S STILL WITHIN
TRIES TO WAKEN AND FREE ANAKIN
THERE'S STILL TIME TO TURN FROM SIN
EMPORER KILLING LUKE, HE'S ALMOST DONE
AS FATHER WATCHES SON

TWO HALVES MIXED TOGETHER, BUT STILL YOUR LOVE WAS TRUE
 AND WHEN NO HOPE WAS LEFT IN SIGHT
 ON THAT STARRY, STARRY NIGHT
 YOU SAVED HIS LIFE, THOUGH NOW YOUR OWN WAS DUE
 BUT LUKE COULD HAVE TOLD YOU, VADER,
 THE DARK SIDE NEVER WINS WHILE THERE'S STILL GOOD INSIDE OF YOU

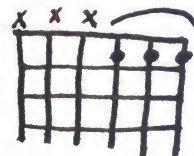
STARRY STARRY NIGHT, ARMOR ON A FLAMING BIER
 ENDS AN AGE OF PAIN AND FEAR
 WHILE LUKE WEEPS FOR HIS FATHER, SEEN JUST ONCE
 STILL THE FORCE IS STRONG, AND THE DARK HAS TURNED TO DAWN
 AND ANAKIN STILL LIVES ON
 WHILE BEN AND YODA HELP HIM CLEANSE HIS SOUL

NOW WE UNDERSTAND, WHAT GAVE HOPE TO LUKE'S LAST CALL
 HATE AND LOVE ARE FOUND WITHIN US ALL
 IT'S YOUR CHOICE ON WHICH TO CALL
 THEY'VE ALWAYS STRUGGLED AND THEY'RE STRUGGLING STILL
 PERHAPS THEY ALWAYS WILL.

Dm 7



Fm 6



SPEAKING OF HAVING LIMITED TIME, I HAVE DONE VERY LITTLE FILKING THIS PAST THREE MONTHS. I MANAGED TO COME DOWN WITH NOT JUST ONE BUT TWO SEPARATE CASES OF PNEUMONIA, ONE IN MAY AND ONE IN JULY. (FOR YOU HYPOCHONDRIACS OUT THERE, IT WAS IN THE SAME PLACE. THAT MAY MEAN THAT THERE IS SOMETHING DOWN IN THE LUNG CAUSING IT, SUCH AS VALLEY FEVER OR TB. FOR THE MORE OPTIMISTIC PEOPLE, IT PROBABLY MEANS THEY SIMPLY DIDN'T GET RID OF IT ALL THE FIRST TIME.) WHILE I HAD THE TIME TO WRITE, I DIDN'T EXACTLY FEEL INSPIRED OR INTERESTED. ANYWAY, I MISSED WESTERCON (HELD ABOUT 5 MILES FROM MY APT.). I HEARD THAT IT WAS MOSTLY SF/LA FILKERS, ALTHOUGH ONE LADY FROM DENVER (KATHY MARR) GOT MENTIONED FAVORABLY. I DID GO TO A FILKSING IN MAY, ALSO HELD ABOUT 5 MILES AWAY. I SHOULDN'T HAVE GONE, I THINK NOW, BUT I WANTED TO SUPPORT FILKSING AT THIS END OF THE BAY. IT HAS TENDED TO BE 30 MILES NORTH OF HERE. I ALSO MANAGED TO STOP OFF AT MIDWESCON (A RELAXACON IN CINCINATI) FOR ONE NIGHT WHILE ON A TRIP VISITING RELATIVES. ASIDE FROM OUR OWN GOLDEN SINGER (DIERDRE), THERE WAS A DEFINITE LACK OF FILKERS. VERY DISAPPOINTING, CONSIDERING THE NUMBER WHO LIVE CLOSE ENOUGH (7 HOUR DRIVE) TO ATTEND. OH, WELL. HEALTH PERMITTING, I PLAN TO MAKE IT TO PENNSIC AND WORLDCON.

AS YOU MAY HAVE NOTICED, THIS TIME I'M WRITING ON A WORD PROCESSOR. THIS IS SOMETHING OF AN EXPERIMENT. I KNOW THAT THE QUALITY OF THE PRINTING IS NOT AS GOOD AS ON THE SELECTRIC, BUT IT IS ACCEPTABLE AND IT WILL XEROX. SINCE I HAVE TO LEARN HOW TO USE THIS WORD PROCESSOR ANYWAY, I MIGHT AS WELL GET SOME USE OUT OF MY LEARNING TIME. MY TYPING SPEED IS INCREASING TO THE POINT WHERE I'M WONDERING IF IT WOULD BE WORTHWHILE TAKING LESSONS - I'M STILL A SELF-TAUGHT 6-FINGER TYPIST. I PROBABLY HAVE ENOUGH BAD HABITS BY NOW THAT TO LEARN TO TYPE CORRECTLY WOULD BE DIFFICULT, BUT THEY ARE NOT TOTALLY CAST IN CEMENT. I'M LEAVING EVERYTHING IN CAPS FOR THE MOMENT, BECAUSE I THINK THE CAPS SHOW UP BETTER. You can judge for yourself whether or not it's true. Using small letters definitely gives a less cluttered look, less of the "solid block of letters" feeling that all caps gives. With the number of times the songs go through the Xerox, and with the spaces between lines for the chords, I think I'll continue to write the songs in all caps. For the rest of the articles I may go back to small letters. So, this is a test of the ZIP word processor. This is only a test. Had this been a real article, you would have been given instructions to send only small, unmarked bills... (hmm, you can't do strikeovers on this. Oh, well, some things are better when done by your own hand).

Keep On Filking!
Harold

Harold Groot
2285 Deborah Dr. #2
Santa Clara, CA. 95050
(408) 985-9564

ANAKREON

#19, APA-FILK Mailing #19

1 August 1983

MAPMAKER, MAPMAKER

Other Dungeons & Dragons filksongs have hymned the praise of heroes, wizards, or clerics, or sung the ill fortunes of less than competent adevnturers. But this song is for the most important person in an expedition. The tune, of course, is "Matchmaker, Matchmaker" from Fiddler on the Roof.

Mapmaker, mapmaker, make us a map!
Where is the door? Where is a trap?
Mapmaker, mapmaker, make us a map,
And don't get us lost again!

Mapmaker, mapmaker, make us a map!
Don't let yourself look like a sap,
Don't get yourself in the usual flap,
And don't get us lost again!

For fighters, please find us a dragon,
For dwarfs, make it silver and gold,
The hobbit would just like a flagon,
The wizard wants magical wands to hold.

Don't take us down to that big Minotaur.
Don't find a ghost! Don't challenge Thor!
Just get us back to that eleva-tor,
And don't get us lost again.

Remember, way back on the Second,
When you had us chasing a Sphinx.
The last time that Lamia beckoned,
We lost the dwarf who was paying for drinks!

Mapmaker, mapmaker, make us a map,
Let's have no more Möbius crap,
Don't lead us over a hundred-foot gap,
And don't get us lost again!

The next time that we're facing southward
Recall that the west is the right,
Or else, someone's fist will come mouthward,
And you will be left with a troll-wife that night!

Lawfuls want glory and neutrals want gold.
Take us to foes wealthy and bold.
Stay out of passageways covered with mold,
And don't get us lost again!

(continued on p. 6)

YESTERFILK

V. The Annotated Vicar

For two and a half centuries the Vicar of Bray has been, in the English-speaking world, the type of a person who will keep his position in society no matter how often he has to twist his opinions to fit those in vogue. This text is taken from Songs that Every Child Should Know, edited by Dolores M. Bacon, and published in 1906 by Grosset & Dunlap. It is unclear why the children of that era would be considered as edified by this history of a real-life Vicar of Bray.

The song was written "about 1720 by an officer in Colonel Fuller's regiment", to an old tune called "The Country Garden", which had already been borrowed for an Elizabethan or Restoration bawdy-song entitled "A Maiden Did A-Bathing Go". (This was recorded by Ed McCurdy, Erik Darling, and Alan Arkin in 1956 on a record entitled "When Dalliance Was in Flower and Maidens Lost their Heads". The jacket's notes are virtually devoid of particular information about the songs.)

This song is supposed to be based on the career of a Vicar who was reproached for his frequent changes of opinion under different reigns. He replied, "Not so, neither; for if I changed my religion, I am sure I kept true to my principle, which is to live and die the Vicar of Bray!" This is something we should remember in our own time. The people who in 1963 agreed with what is now in 1983 the consensus on the war with Vietnam are still regarded as dangerous and anti-social radicals.

Let us suppose that by 1720 the Vicar had been in his post for 40 years. He would then have taken office under the reign of King Charles II, whose cavalier courtiers tried to undo the effects of the Civil War and the Commonwealth by asserting that under no circumstances was anyone ever justified in defying or resisting the king, let alone rebelling against him. Those who objected had as their best resource "passive obedience". This position was enforced by laws which placed severe restrictions on those outside the Church of England, particularly the Roman Catholics and the Protestant "Dissenters". Penal laws were in effect against them, and they were kept out of many public offices. Some Dissenters would practice "occasional conformity", whereby they would attend the Church of England long enough to qualify for the post, and then go back to their own chapels. You can imagine how well the hierarchy of the Church of England liked that.

Let us begin, then, about 1680:

In good King Charles's golden days,
When loyalty no harm meant,
A zealous highchurchman was I,
And so I got preferment.
To teach my flock I never miss'd,
Kings were by God appointed,
And lost all those that dare resist,
Or touch the Lord's anointed.

CHORUS: And this is law that I'll
maintain,
Until my dying day, Sir,
That whatsoever king shall
reign,
I'll still be Vicar of Bray,
Sir.

"Preferment" is a necessity for advancement in a hierarchical structure. It means the favor of superiors which eases one's own ascent to the higher positions. "High" and "Low" are distinctions that exist in the Church of England and its American offshoot the Protestant Episcopal Church to this day. "High" means much formalism, a virtual translation of Catholic practice into English with minimal change. "Low" means a close approximation to the simpler rituals of other Protestant denominations.

When royal James possess'd the crown,
 And Popery came in fashion,
 The penal laws I hooted down
 And read the Declaration:
 The Church of Rome I found would fit
 Full well my constitution;
 And I had been a Jesuit
 But for the Revolution.

CHORUS:

When William was our king declar'd,
 To ease the nation's grievance,
 With this new wind about I steered,
 And swore to him allegiance.
 Old principles I did revoke,
 Set conscience at a distance;
 Passive obedience was a joke,
 A jest was non-resistance,

CHORUS:

When royal Anne became our queen,
 The Church of England's glory,
 Another face of things was seen,
 And I became a Tory.
 Occasional conformists base,
 I blam'd their moderation,
 And thought the Church in danger was
 By such prevarication.

CHORUS:

When George in pudding-time came o'er,
 And moderate men look'd big, Sir,
 My principles I chang'd once more,
 And so became a Whig, Sir;
 And thus preferment I procured
 From our new faith's defender,
 And almost every day abjur'd
 The Pope and the Pretender.

CHORUS:

Th' illustrious house of Hanover,
 And Protestant succession,
 To them I do allegiance swear -
 While they can hold possession;
 For in my faith and loyalty
 I never more will falter,
 And George my lawful king shall be -
 Until the times do alter.

CHORUS:

Of course, others have since those days found themselves in similar situations, and none more so than the Communist Parties outside the Soviet Union, who have had to trim their convictions to meet the exigencies of contemporary Soviet politics. The following satire, "The Party Line" was written to the tune of "The Vicar of Bray" in England, sometime in the 1950s. It appears in Socialist Song Book, edited by Owen Fleischman and mimeographed in 1959 by the Young People's Social-

King Charles II was succeeded in 1685 by his brother King James II, a Roman Catholic. He bypassed Parliament by requiring pastors to read on Sundays a Declaration opening to Catholics positions that had previously been closed to them. Many clerics refused to read this Declaration, particularly as it soon appeared that the king's intention was not the toleration of Catholicism, but its supremacy. Late in 1688 King James was chased out of the country and replaced by his nephew William of Orange, who reigned as King William III. "Constitution" refers obliquely to James's violation of the unwritten British Constitution, and "wind" to the "Protestant wind" that brought King William over from Holland. While William favored the Low Church party, Queen Anne, who succeeded him in 1701, was more conservative in both politics and religion, favoring the High Church in religion and the Tories in government. On her death in 1714 the Whigs, the party of the merchant class and many Dissenters, called the Elector of Hanover over to reign as King George I, though there was a brief rebellion in favor of King James's son, the Pretender. A "Protestant succession" to the crown was established by law, and still exists. But in 1720 the Pretender's faction was still influential, and had links with the landed aristocracy, the High Church party, the Tories, and English Catholics. A recent stock market crash had everyone fearful that the times would alter again, and the Vicar was taking no chances.

ist League. This collection includes many satirical songs and parodies. ("Since we radicals naturally have more of a flair for words than music, we have continued to produce more Gilberts than Sullivans.") This and other British songs were taken from the Songbook of the National Association of Labour Student Organizations.

I'm not going to annotate this one. Presumably ANAKREON's readers are adequately familiar with the history of our own century.

In 1928 we cried, "Down with the
Labour leaders,"
For Marxist teachings they've
denied,
The Social Fascist bleeders.
The war of classes, we announced,
Would break the constitution;
The Labour Party we denounced
And called for revolution.

CHORUS: And 'tis the line we
will maintain,
Until by Moscow altered,
And then by texts we will
explain
How all but we have faltered.

In the days when Neville Chamber-
lain

Flew off to see the Fuehrer,
United Front was our campaign -
As democrats none purer.
We emphasized each time we spoke
The Pop'lar Front solution,
Class war had now become a joke,
A jest was revolution.

CHORUS:

Russia's non-aggression pact
Let us somewhat confus-ed,
Realistically we faced the fact
And our late friends abus-ed.
The war we'd been prepared to
fight
We dubbed imperialistic
The Soviets alone were right,
All others chauvinistic.

CHORUS:

When Hitler and his hordes attacked
His Soviet Russian neighbor,
Once again we did retract,
And now supported Labour;
To raise production was our aim -
We were so patriotic,
To criticize the war became
Completely idiotic.

CHORUS:

In forty-five we cheered and cried
As Labour came to power,
We hoped that soon the Tories all
Would live inside the Tower.
But when after three years we saw
The House of Lords still full, sir,
We then began the working class
From Labour's hands to pull, sir.

CHORUS:

The Tories are back in again,
And Labour's opposition,
Once more to kick old Winnie out
And put Clem back's our mission.
So fight we shall with might and
main,
And if the Left succeeds, sir,
We'll show when Labour's in again,
For them we're broken reeds, sir.

CHORUS:

And so you see, whatever we
Support is only fleeting;
Keep flexible our policy
And Politbureau's meeting.
No matter which the way he looks,
The good comrade is wary;
His next love may be Benelux,
Or Dulles his good fairy.

CHORUS:

GETTING CAUGHT UP

ANAKREON, a fanzine of filksinging, is published every three months by John Boardman, 234 East 19th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11226, USA. It is part of APA-Filk, an amateur press association of filksinging, which is collated at the same frequency and address.

The copy count for APA-Filk is 50, but put in one or two extra for good measure. The next two collation dates will be 1 November 1983, and 1 February 1984. Please try to get your contributions in

on time. Almost every recent collation of APA-Filk has been followed, within a day or two, by a contribution which wasn't sent in time to be included.

If you don't live around here and can pick up APA-Filk in person, send a few dollars and establish a postage account. Your copy of each Mailing will be sent to you, at the cost of postage plus 8¢ for the envelope. (I'm now using a stiffer envelope, to try to get copies to you in better condition.)

If you don't have your own printing facilities, I can print 9-hole Gestetner stencils at a cost of 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ ¢ per copy per sheet. I can send you additional copies, over the APA-Filk count of 50, with your Mailing if you wish. Costs can come out of your postage account. I can no longer print ditto masters on a predictable basis. All pages must be 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 11 inches.

The present balance of your postage and printing account is _____; this includes the present (19th) Mailing. All accounts which fall into arrears will be suspended. The following accounts are presently in arrears: Harry Andruschak -14¢; Greg Baker -\$1.87; Dave Klapholz -62¢; Dena Mussaf -87¢; Elliot Shorter -\$2.00; Dana Snow -15¢. These people also get APA-Q and their accounts are handled in that apa; Philip M. Cohen, Dana Hudes, Robert Bryan Lipton, Deirdre and Jim Rittenhouse, David E. Schwartz.

Margaret Middleton has a new address: 29 Birdie Drive, Mountain Home, Ark. 72653. She also sent along Sean Cleary's new address, so he is again getting APA-Filk.

Your APA-Filk Mailings will be sent to you by 3rd-class mail, unless you specify otherwise, or unless it weighs less than four ounces.

Other people besides APA-Filk members get ANAKREON if they have expressed an interest in it, or if the publisher thinks they might be. Please let me know if you are missing any back issues.

ANAKREON #20 will be the annual collection of new, or newly discovered, verses of the Neo-Pagan filksong "That Real Old-Time Religion". It will contain all the verses that other APA-Filk members have put in during the past year, including the computer-hackers' "That Old Real-Time Religion". Anyone who has composed, or turned up, verses which have not yet been printed in the 6th, 8th, 10th, 12th, or 16th issues should send them to me by early October at the latest. Writers' names should be included where known; these may be Craft names or other pseudonyms.

This is
O At
P Great
E Intervals
R This
A Appears
T To
I Inflame
O Optic
N Nerves
1189

Cover: This cover was sent in by Scott Ryerson, who also contributed several covers to APA-Q. Recently it was discovered that most of Ryerson's covers were copied from the British artist Tom Adams, and had appeared in his book Agatha Christie: The Art of Her Crime (Everest House, 1981) No further material by Ryerson will appear in APA-Filk.

Strum und Drang V, #2 (Burwasser): In his essay "Loving Mad Tom", in The Crowning Privilege (Pelican Books, 1955), Robert Graves goes into the background of the "Tom of Bedlam" ballad. He suggests that it may have been written, based on earlier texts, by William Shakespeare, to be sung during an interlude in King Lear just after Edgar announces his intention of disguising himself as a bedlam beggar.

The earliest recorded appearance of Halley's Comet seems to have been in 87 BCE, though a few problematical earlier sightings have been suggested. For details see Nigel Calder, The Comet is Coming (Viking, 1980)

Ourodh Rillieur #2 (D. Rittenhouse): The pages were unnumbered, so we just guessed when we set the mailing up for collating.

Filkers Do It 'Till Dawn V, #2 (Groot): I prefer the Eastern to the Midwestern style of filksinging, and doubt that I could put up with the Western. In fact, the regional cons I've attended in the East haven't seemed to have much filking at all, though I'm working off a rather small sampling.

Singspiel #18 (Blackman): The whole point of singing "I Must Be Going" is that you don't go. And is there, to the tune of "Molly Malone" a tune "Kenneth Malone"?

One of the pleasures of writing humorous rather than serious lyrics is that you can, within reason, pitch accents in unusual places to get a rhyme, and pass the effect off as comic. Within reason.

Share and Enjoy #5 (Glasser): I heard that Keillor song about the Beach Boys and their troubles with Secretary Watt, live on the air.

I don't know how that 2¢ balance got on your account. It was that way when I took over the editorship from Bob Lipton.

Since reading "The Universe Song" in your 'zine, I saw Monty Python's The Meaning of Life. Though presented humorously, every last bit of scientific information in that song is as accurate as our present-day measurements can make it. For those who have never read an English novel featuring scenes from working-class life, "bugger-all" is a Briticism meaning "not a bit".

MAPMAKER, MAPMAKER (continued from p. 1)

When we saw a fire-breathing Giant
You knew of a way we could pass.
We all were a little too pliant,
And you led us up a tyrannosaur's ass!

Mapmaker, mapmaker, now is the time,
Plundering tombs isn't a crime,
So why are we marching into the Slime,
And you've got us lost again!

The last time you found us a treasure
It seemed we were set up for life.
But you took a ~~seeressorforer~~ pleasure,
And she cast a spell for Communal Strife.

Mapmaker, mapmaker, make us a map!
Clean up your act! Clean out the crap!
Or we will all take a permanent nap,
And don't get us lost again!



STRUM

Vol. V, #3

UND

SuD



DRANG

Lammastide

Inflicted upon APA-FILK by Lee Burwasser, 5409 Hamilton St #5, Hyattsville MD 20781.

#18

T W A N G S

ANAKREON (Boardman): I fear that "Faith Eyrie" is going to be an example of stillborn filk. Could be wrong. // Great Ghu! Is Sing Out still around? // And here I thought it was George O'Brien. // So Sing Out is not still around. I thought it died a decade ago. // I hope the mailings do get fatter. Tho I'm not going to be much help this quarter, I fear.

SuD (me): see 'off-centaur', below

FILK TIL DAWN (Groot): Thanx for the low-down on western sings. I can believe it's short on cross-pollination.

SHARE, & ENJOY (Glasser): Yes, if you can't get condemned by Jerry Falwell, a blast from James Watt is the next best thing.

o f f - c e n t a u r

Shortly after the Beltane distribution, I got a postcard from Off Centaur. The signiture is almost crowded out by the message, so I can't quite make out the first name, but it's T Lee.

They try to get orders out the next day, unless the fates are against them. I like the comment on the US Snail: "Why give the Post Office two chances to eat, mangle or otherwise destroy a package?" Remember that classic cartoon of the Post Offal type banging the 'Fragile' stamp like a pile-driver? Anyway, if part of your order is back-ordered and expected in soon, OC will hold delivery to get it all in one box.

Some egoboo I needn't repeat. *lap*lap*

"Part of the reason not many songs from APA Filk get published by us is that the majority are to known tunes--most of which are still under copyright. Original music, unless we hear it live somewhere isn't being published by anyone. Either no one can, or they don't take the time."

So now you know.

I doubt I'll be at WorldCon. I'd say definitely, except that it is only a \$15 bus ride away, and there's the remote possibility of my running up for a day. Very remote.

m i n a c

I wasn't going to include this, but I don't have anything else at all. And I can't think of anything else to fill the other side of the sheet.

But to take up a little more space, and give me time to try to finish the thing, I'll start out with a short recap of Talkin' Blues.

talkin' blues

The talkin' blues is just that: you recite instead of sing. It's done to a guitar- or banjo-picking background, which is supposed to show off virtuosity on the instrument. Usually, tho, it's straight Travis picking, with an occasional simple lick. (The sort you use to see if the strings are in tune.)

The form is fairly rigid. The verse is a quatrain, either aaaa or aabb. No lightning will strike if you do abab or abba, but it's rare. After each verse is a spoken comment; often rimed, but usually not, and in prose rather than verse rhythm. Usually short. The quatrain lines are tetrameter.

The only non-protest Talkin' Blues I ever heard started like so:

If you want to get to heaven, let me tell you what to do.
Just grease your feet in a mutton stew.
Just slide out of the devil's hand,
And ooze on into the promised land.

Take it easy.
And go greasy.

Don't ask me for the rest of it, because I've forgotten it. Assuming that what I heard was the traditional version and not somebody's revision.

This is a rigid form?!? Yes. Four stressed syllables per line. And it must rime. The spoken comment must either recap the verse, or bridge to the next one. As I've mentioned before, stressed rhythm is not sloppy metrical rhythm; it's a different system, with its own rules.

Talkin' Blues was popular during the protest era. "Talkin' UnAmerican Blues", "Talkin' Atomic Blues" (against the weapon, not the generators), "Talkin' Singing Blues", et cetera. Since you don't have to carry a tune, it attracted all the monotones and the tone-mute. (That's the other half of tone-deaf. Duke Cariadoc describes himself thus.) Since most people think stressed rhythm is sloppy metrical rhythm, it attracted all the 'creative' 'poets' who couldn't be bothered to make their lines scan.

I haven't heard Talkin' Blues since the end of the Vietnam Era.

And I can't fit my latest into the space left on this page, so I'll have to think of something else to natter on.

Oh, yes. The picking. As I said, it's theoretically supposed to be a varied and intricate background, but I don't remember anyone who actually did it. Just the bass-note/chord/alternate-bass-note/chord and repeat. For some reason, most versions I heard hammered-on the alternate bass note only.

The chord progression is any standard one, usually I/IV/V/I.

l o s t & f o u n d

I finally dug out the lyrics to 'LRY Hymn'. The one that goes to 'Finlandia'. It's by Rev. Sam A Wright, Jr, and my copy says "used by permission". I'm going to risk it, tho. See page four.

Can't think of anything else to take up this space.

Phoey.

S a t a n ' s B l u e s
[a talkin' blues]

The fastest way to feel like hell
Is to take on the troubles of Personnel.
Being the Devil MySelf -- Oh, well,
It's the worst damned job since the day I Fell.

Talk about fuckups!

Now, it's never been an easy job, you see.
Just take the first witch-hunting spree.
Could'a been the coup of the century,
Except witches don't believe in Me!

Cramps your style, that.
Not to mention your ego.

But that's all past and by the way:
The trouble is the trouble I've got today.
Business booming, to hear some tell --
But recruiting the Fallen don't go so well.

My enemy's enemy . . .
Is no help at all.

If the only job was prying 'em loose,
You'd think that Darwin 'ud be some use.
But just try getting those types to sin,
Who figure every critter is some kind of kin.

Everything in the world!
Everything in the universe!!

Or take that de-mo-nol-a-try --
And you can take it, for all of Me --
Build up some crazy cult today,
And tomorrow play it a different way.

It's undignified!
Me! Only twelve-Dee-ten!

And then the logo of stars and moon
With the beard curled into a secret rune.
Do I get my tithe? Hey, not a hope!
It's a sucker's Gambol. It's no soap.

Up yer Procto, fellah.

For those who neither study medicine nor have occasion to wedge 'Proctor' into a line: 'procto' is a learned borrowing, meaning the rectum.

I was going to end it with the story of the (I think) Florida campus that barred the local SCA chapter's events on the ground that it was a Satanist plot. Unfortunately, I haven't been able to track down the details. I heard that Fallwell Himself called the SCA a devil's plot, but I haven't been able to verify it. If anyone has the scoop, feel free to add it.

L R Y H y m n
Rev Sam A Wright, Jr
[Finlandia]

I V I IV I V I- IV V V I
 We would be one, as now we join in singing
 I V I IV I V I IV V I
 Our hymn of youth, to pledge ourselves anew
 I I I vi I I V V IV
 To that high cause of greater understanding
 IV vi V I I V V I I
 Of who we are, and what in us is true.
 I I I vi I I V V IV
 We would be one, in living for each other,
 IV vi V I I I V V I I
 To show mankind a new community.

We would be one, in building for tomorrow
 A greater world, than we have known today.
 We would be one in searching for that meaning
 That binds our hearts, and points us on our way.
 As one we pledge ourselves to greater service:
 With love and justice strive to make men free.

If anyone knows whether Rev Wright is still around, or who now represents him, I'd appreciate knowing where to send a contributor's copy.

Incidentally, the tune is more accurately called the Tone Poem from Finlandia, which is a much longer piece, and has many other excursions in it.

If you want to accompany yourself on guitar--I really suggest piano, if you or one of the company can play it--just strum on each note. Most people put very solemn words to it, and sing it in a slow, recessional sort of pace. This gives you time to strum a chord for each note. No picks. A single down-strum with the ball of your thumb per syllable.

Where chords are not marked, either pick the single note, or do nothing.

In the key of C: the I chord is C; the IV chord F; V chord G; vi chord A-minor (hence the small roman numerals).

In G: I is G, IV is C, V is D, vi is E minor.

Et cetera.

QwXb!!

for the May, 1983 APA-Filk #18
by Gregory A. Baker
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A NOTE OF INTRODUCTION in APA-Filk

This is going to be a mixed breed of QwXb!! in APA-Filk. I haven't had many flashes of inspiration, so I'm going to GC my files. I am also going to try something daring and write the music for "I Must Have Done Wrong in My Previous Life (So That's Why I Ended up Here)".

Sad news: the Deadly Weapon, my guitar, broke. The ring around the sounding hole buckled. I'm going to have a difficult time replacing it.

Good news: my mother's barbershop (Sweet Adelines) chapter, the Cheseapotomac of Charles County, Md., placed 18th in a 24-chorus competition in Region 14. This may not sound impressive, but they were 11th in sound quality and 12th in stage presence- and this is a seventeen-member chapter!

??? news: I bought a Commodore 64 computer. I can't get it to generate sound. Does anyone know why?

"I KNOW THE PLOT"...literally. Last night, I watched the conclusion of "~~Nazis from Space~~" "V" on NBC. I thought it had some promise- but so did the first three hours of "Battlestar: Galactica". I really think that any alien race that could build 20-kilometer long ships can also take methane, ammonia, and hydrogen gas from a gas giant and carbon dioxide from Venus and make their own water and food, rather than take Earth's water and eat people. However, "V" missed that point to make a political point.

I can see the future of "V":

Plot 1: the freedom fighters need a medical supply that can only be gotten from the Visitors. The reporter goes aboard and gets it.

Plot 2: Somebody kidnaps the female scientist and the reporter rescues her from the Visitors.

Plot 3: The reporter's ex-wife escapes- but she's really been conditioned to be a collaborator and betray the Freedom Fighters.

Plot 4: The reporter has to get his mother, who is a collaborator, to do something vital for the Freedom Fighters. She does it for her son.

Plot 5: Diana, the leader of the Visitors, and the reporter have to team up to save both of their mutual interests.

When the ratings start to drop:

Plot 6: the enemies of the Visitors drop an agent who is nice and cute and will serve as a cutesy counterpart (or the sexy one, depending on whom the network wishes to draw...) One would then have Plots 1A, 2A, 3A, 4A, 5A, etc.

Here's the "IKTP" verse:

Friendly-looking aliens have stopped above each city,
Brave reporter goes aboard and finds that they aren't pretty.
They want water from the Earth so humans form resistance movement,
Spraying "V" on subway walls to even up the score.
I know the plot! (But they're our friends!)
I know the plot! (It all depends.)

Here's another verse to "Real Old-Time Religion"

We will sing a hymn to Hypnos (ZZZZZ, ZZZZZ),
We will sing a hymn to Hypnos, (ZZZZZ, ZZZZZ),
We will sing a hymn to Hypnos,
Sleep's the god that pleases me!

I MUST HAVE DONE WRONG IN MY PREVIOUS LIFE (So That's Why I Ended Up Here)
by Gregory Baker

C

1 C

CHO. 1 EV-RY-ONE KNOWS THAT YOUR KAR-MAS A WHEEL AND YOUR MUST HAVE DONE WRONG IN MY PRE-VI-OUS LIFE 'CAUSE

G G7 F

KAR-MIC WHEEL ENDLES / SPINE; YOU MIGHT BE A
THAT'S WHY I END-ED UP HERE I MUST HAVE DONE

DOG OR A CAT OR A FLEA, DE-PENDING ON PRE-VI-OUS
WRONG IN MY PRE-VI-OUS LIFE 'CAUSE THAT'S WHY I HAVE YOU, MY

SINS; DEAR; } EV-RY-ONE KNOWS THAT YOUR KAR HAS A WHEEL, SO THE

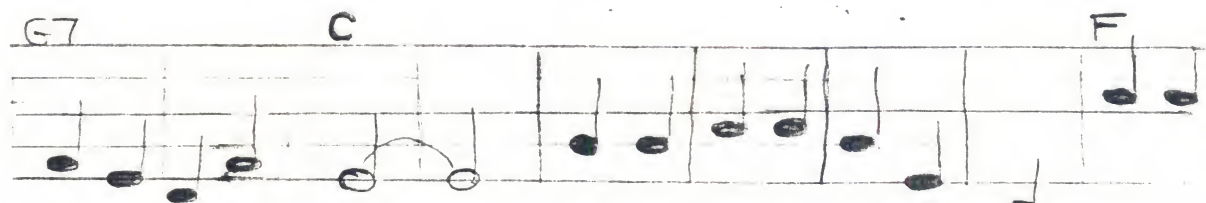
THOUGHT THAT HAS CAUSED ME TO FEAR WHAT DID I DO IN

MY PRE-VI-OUS LIFE THAT MEANT THAT I END-ED UP HERE?

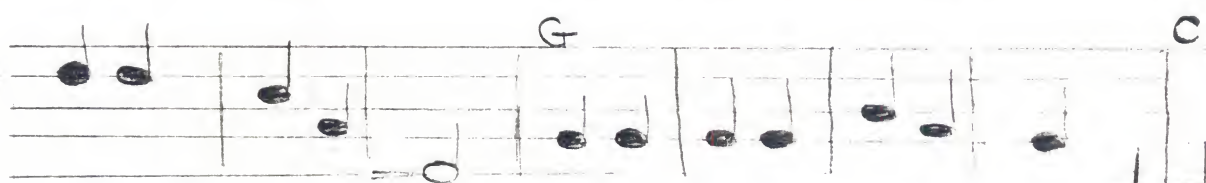
LOVE ME, LOVE ME, LOVE ME, I'M YOUR CAT (The Cat Cantata)
by Gregory Baker



LOVE ME, LOVE ME, LOVE ME, I'M YOUR CAT; CAN THERE BE A



GREAT-ER LOVE THAN THAT? I'LL DO AN-Y-THING FOR YOU, A-NY



THING THAT I WANT TO, LOVE ME, LOVE ME, LOVE ME, I'M YOUR CAT.



1. Love me, love me, love me, I'm your cat.
Can there be a greater love than that?
I'll do anything for you,
Anything that I want to,
Love me, love me, love me, I'm your cat.
2. Love me, love me, love me, I'm your cat.
Never tell me go away or SCAT,
Let me stand here on your chest,
Tell me you love ME the best,
{ Though you'd rather give your wife a pat.
Who cares if your lover wants to spat? }
3. Love me, love me, love me, I'm your cat,
Even though I'm lazy and I'm fat.
Give me milk and fish and meat-
Lots of things for ME to eat-
Even though my brother's ears are flat.
4. Love me, love me, love me, I'm your cat,
Listen to my feet go pitty-pat,
Let me in and let me out,
Isn't that what love's about?
Love me, love me, love me, I'm your cat.
5. Love me, love me, love me, I'm your cat,
Even when I give your yarn a bat,
Let me roll it cross the floor,
After that, please give me more!
Love me, love me, love me, I'm your cat.
6. Love me, love me, love me, I'm your cat,
Though I never catch a mouse or rat,
Here's a thing that you can do-
Put me, please, in APA-NYU,
Love me, love me, love me, I'm your cat!

THE GUILD COMMERCIAL (from the upcoming production of "Thendara Home Companion")
by Greg Baker.

Music: "Shaving Cream" or "GAFIATE" depending on who you heard it from first.

1. The Guild has a message for women,
If you're getting tired of your mate,
Then why don't you come to the Guild House,
And cast off your yoke as
RENUNCIATE- Better not wait-
Be a free woman before it's too late!
2. You don't need a man to play master,
A "Dom" to put food on your plate,
You're going to fend for yourself now;
So cast off your worries, RENUNCIATE....
3. You'll have lots of chances to travel,
By horse or on foot or by skate,
See our representative, Janna,
You'll have lots of fun, so RENUNCIATE---

QWxb!!! in Apa-Filk

MAILING COMMENTS AND OTHER NASTY REMARKS

Cover: Goody for us! A fourth anniversary! Now, if we could only get the number of contributors and subscribers up...

John Boardman/ANAKREON: Thank you for the information on Saludos Amigos. The way things are going in Central America, we might want to persuade Disney to make another version. However, why do you always assume that we're going to get into a second Vietmanese War? I was going to dispute the assumption in Central America- after all, M16A1 rifles are common- but not now.

"Three Dead Sandinistas" is good, but I don't think it should be telescoped into "Three Sandinistas." It's too long for the audience and it's hard to play properly. We ought to telescope another song in as a bridge. Any ideas?

Charles Belov/DR. ORBIT vs. SOMETHING OR OTHER: Congratulations on winning the Boskone filk contest. It's enough to make you spin dizzy with excitement.... but where will you take the City of New Orleans?

If you are going to San Francisco be sure to *put some flowers in your hair* get some West Coasters into the APA.

Harold Groot: Send me a tape of the astro-filk, please, or send me sheet music.

Lee Burwasser: There!!! Are you satisfied now I have the music?

Concerning shields, heraldry, and song: Your way seems to be the only way to sing about heraldry. KISS is something that the late-middle-Ages SCA member doesn't want as a shield-making watchword, but it helps in a battlefield.

Marc Glasser/SHARE AND ENJOY: "Gafiate" is not getting too long, so why restrict it? Unlike "Three Sandinistas", it's a song that everyone wants to take part in. Stretching it out is fine by me.

Here's a proposed verse:

Yes, fandom has always been comfort,
It sep'rates the wheat from the chaff,
Especially since you're a Pagan,
Since who'd bless the bee if you GAFIATE...

The original lines were "A Biblical rod and a staff; Oh yes, I forgot you're a Pagan," but this violates the policy you set out in last issue. I think the non-canonical version is stronger. 3 out of 5 filksingers prefer...

XEAEHA: Zdras'eety'e!! Kak vy pozh'ivayeet'ye?

* * * * ADVERTISEMENT * * * * Greg Baker's Filk Book is now available from yours truly. Find the stuff that I'm too ashamed to put in APA-Filk, as well as the stuff which is too good to put in ApA-Filk. Available from me for \$2.00. * * * * *

Roberta Rogow, who's not in the APA, has also come up with a new version of her filk, REC-ROOM RHYMES OMNIBUS, with some of our collaborations and a lot more of her original stuff. It's available from Other Worlds Books, P.O. Box 124, Fair Lawn, NJ 07410, for \$4.00 (I think) or from Off-Centaur. It's worth the cash.

Carthagio delendra est,

Greg

BOSKONE XXI

FILKSONG CONTEST

Last year's *Boskone XX* filksong contest was very successful, so this year we're going to try to do even better. We've moved the deadline back and started the contest sooner in hopes of getting even more entries.

Contest Rules

1. Everyone is eligible to enter the contest.
2. You may enter as many songs as you like.
3. Either the words, or the tune, or both, must be the original work of the submitter(s). Please include a copyright notice. Accompanying score or lyrics by someone else must be attributed, at least to a source.
4. Submissions may not have been published in any hymnal, fanzine, or prozine before 1 January 1983.
5. Don't think that your entry couldn't possibly be of interest if it has *anything* to do with Science Fiction, Fantasy, or Fandom. Judging categories will be chosen after all the entries are in. No one will be selected to judge a category in which they have an entry.
6. Don't think that we wouldn't be interested in your difficult or original tune. However, if there is a reasonable possibility that we don't already know it (this means you, Cole Porter fans), *please* include a tape cassette of you singing your entry, or failing that, sheet music. One of last year's winners would be happy to tell you that recorded evidence of inability to sing was *not* a handicap.
7. To enter, send your name, address, lyrics, tune, and intended categories to:

NESFA Filksong Contest
Box G, MIT Branch Post Office
Cambridge, MA 02139

8. The deadline for submission of entries is Tuesday, 3 January 1984. If you mail your entry, it should be postmarked by Christmas or it probably won't arrive in time. Entries may be delivered directly to **NESFA**, if you come to meetings. You can save us lots of tedious typing by submitting entries in machine readable form. Network mail is preferred, but 9-track magnetic tape or 80 column punched cards are acceptable.
9. Winners names will be announced, and ribbons presented, at the opening ceremonies of *Boskone XXI*, Washington's Birthday Weekend, 17-19 February 1984. If a winner or honorable mention isn't there, we'll mail the award.
10. We're unable to return entries which aren't accompanied by a Stamped Self Addressed Stamped Envelope with sufficient postage. Returned entries will be mailed after *Boskone XXI*.
11. Entering a song in the contest gives **NESFA** the right to publish the song in a future edition of the **NESFA Hymnal**. Your name and copyright notice will be included, along with the statement "*used with permission*". Use of accompanying tune or lyrics protected by someone else's copyright will not disqualify an entry, even though we have to obtain their permission as well to publish your entry.

We'll be singing some of the entries at the *Boskone XXI* filksings. Hope to see you there!

You intend on entering **that**
in the filksong contest!?



New England Science Fiction Association

SCIENCE FICTION STORY CONTEST

1. The contest is open to all amateur writers. An amateur is defined as someone who has never *sold* a story to a professional publication before 1 September 1983.
2. Stories must be less than 7,500 words long; must be the original work of the person submitting them; and must be either science fiction or fantasy.
3. An entry fee of \$1.00 per manuscript will be charged to help defray copying expenses.
4. Stories must be typed in black, double spaced, on one side of 8½ by 11 inch white bond paper, with one inch margins all around. The title of the story must appear at the top of every page, preferably centered on the first page and in the upper right hand corner of subsequent pages. The pages should be numbered. *High quality* copies, such as Xerox, are acceptable.
5. The author's name must *not* appear on the manuscript, but should appear on a separate cover sheet along with the author's address and the title of the story. Manuscripts will be given an entry number on receipt, and will be identified by this number alone until the final judging is complete.
6. Although all reasonable precautions will be taken to prevent loss of manuscripts while in our hands, NESFA cannot be responsible for such losses. For your own protection, keep a copy of your manuscript (you need not submit the original).
7. Each manuscript should be accompanied by a Self Addressed Stamped Envelope for its return. Adequate postage must be provided.
8. Entries must be postmarked by midnight, 1 November 1983. Send them to:

NESFA Story Contest
Box G, MIT Branch Post Office
Cambridge, MA 02139

9. The results of the contest will be announced at **Boskone XXI**, the science fiction convention to be held at Boston's Park Plaza hotel on 17-19 February 1984. The winner will be awarded a plaque, an inscribed book, and a free Boskone membership (which may be a refund of the membership fee). Two runners-up and several honorable mentions may also be recognized.
10. Returned manuscripts will be mailed in March, 1984. We will keep an archival copy of finalists' manuscripts, but all other copies will be destroyed. NESFA retains no rights to the stories; all rights remain with the authors or their assignees.
11. Any entry that does not conform to the rules may be refused and the manuscript and entry fee will be returned to the author in the SASE provided. In all cases, the decisions of the judges will be final.

Reproduction of these rules is authorized and encouraged, provided the wording is not changed. (*Librarians: please post now.*)

APA - Fiik #19

august 1983

Bloom County

by Berke Breathed

